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Lowell Gems

LOWELL GEMS

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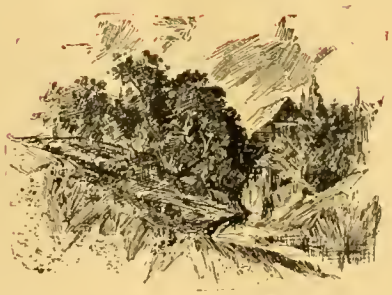
W. GOODRICH BEAL



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BOSTON
SAMUEL E. CASSINO
196 SUMMER STREET

PRESS OF
A. G. McCLURE,
No. 196 SUMMER STREET,
BOSTON.

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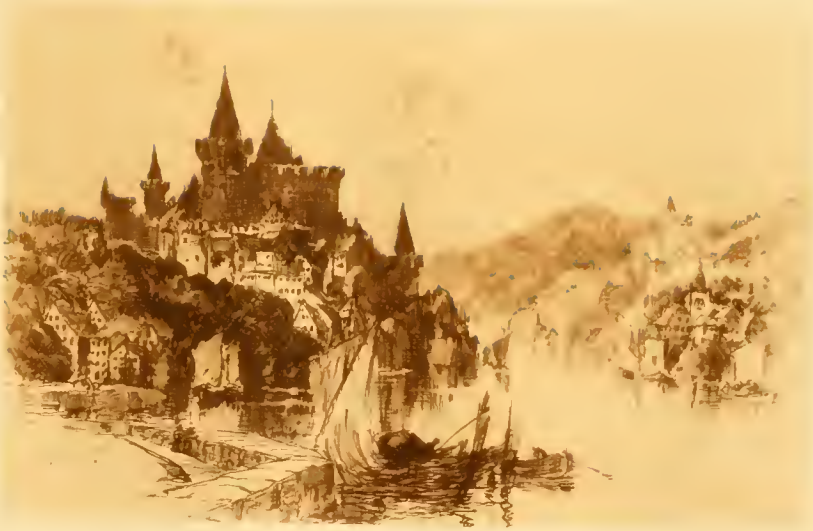
WITH A PRESSED FLOWER.

This little flower from afar
Hath come from other lands to thine;
For, once, its white and drooping star
Could see its shadow in the Rhine.

Perchance some fair-haired German maid
Hath plucked one from the self-same stalk,
And numbered over, half afraid,
Its petals in her evening walk.

"He loves me, loves me not," she cries;
"He loves me more than earth or Heaven,"
And then glad tears have filled her eyes
To find the number was uneven.

So, Love, my heart doth wander forth
To farthest lands beyond the sea,
And search the fairest spots of earth
To find sweet flowers of thought for thee.



APPLEDORE.

How looks Appledore in a storm?
I have seen it when its crags seemed frantic,
Butting against the maddened Atlantic,
When surge after surge would heap enorme
Cliffs of Emerald topped with snow,
That lifted and lifted and then let go
A great white avalanche of thunder,
A grinding, blinding, deafening ire
Monadnock might have trembled under.

GREEN MOUNTAINS.

Ye mountains, that far off lift up your heads,
Seen dimly through your canopies of blue,
The shade of my unrestful spirit sheds
Distance-created beauty over you ;
I am not well content with this far view ;
How may I know what foot of loved-one treads
Your rocks moss-grown and sun-dried torrent beds?
We should love all things better, if we knew
What claims the meanest have upon our hearts :
Perchance even now some eye, that would be bright
To meet my own, looks on your mist-robed forms ;
Perchance your grandeur a deep joy imparts
To souls that have encircled mine with light —
O brother-heart, with thee my spirit warms !

A REVERIE.

In the twilight deep and silent
Comes thy spirit unto mine,
When the moonlight and the starlight
Over cliff and woodland shine.
And the quiver of the river
Seems a thrill of joy benign.

Then I rise and wander slowly
To the headland by the sea,
When the evening star throbs setting
Through the cloudy cedar tree,
And from under, mellow thunder
Of the surf comes fitfully.

Then within my soul I feel thee
Like a gleam of other years.
Visions of my childhood murmur
Their old madness in my ears.
Till the pleasance of thy presence
Cools my heart with blissful tears.

THE BOBOLINK.

Upon a tuft of meadow grass,
While thy loved-one tends the nest,
Thou swayest as the breezes pass,
Unburthening thine o'erfull breast
Of the crowded songs that fill it,
Just as joy may choose to will it.
Lord of thy love and liberty,
The blithest bird of merry May,
Thou turnest thy bright eyes on me,
That say as plain as eyes can say —
"Here sit we, here in the summer weather,
I and my modest mate together;
Whatever your wise thoughts may be,
Under that gloomy old pine tree,
We do not value them a feather."

TO THE EVENING STAR.

When we have once said lowly "Evening-Star!"
Words give no more — for, in thy silver pride,
Thou shinest as nought else can shine beside:
The thick smoke, coiling round the sooty bar
Forever, and the customed lamp-light mar
The stillness of my thought — seeing things glide
So samely: — then I ope my windows wide,
And gaze in peace to where thou shin'st afar,
The wind that comes across the faint-white snow
So freshly, and the river dimly seen,
Seem like new things that never had been so
Before; and thou art bright as thou hast been
Since thy white rays put sweetness in the eyes
Of the first souls that loved in Paradise.

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